CARNATIONS OF MEMORY

ANGIE F. NEWMAN

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PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH AND SPHINX

McKinley
Carnations of Memory

The McKinley Button of Two Campaigns

By

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"Heathen at Home," "An Italian Winter,"
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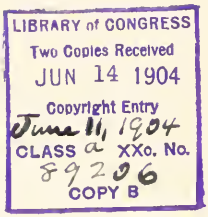

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McKinley Carnations

THE McKINLEY BUTTON

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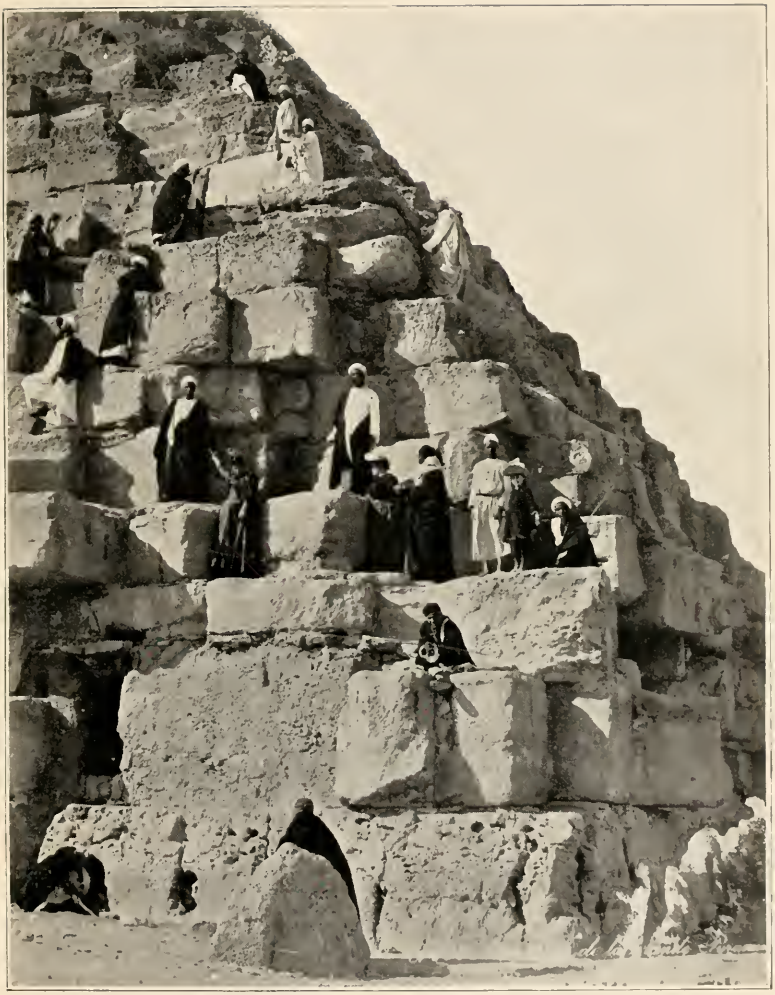

ASCENT OF PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

PREFACE.

Character is a world product. It is an expression of the forces of the ages. National character is an index of the correlated forces of the nation to which it belongs. A nation is a world unit.

Whenever the representative of any nation has so impressed himself upon the age and race of which he is a part that the pages of history are the record of such life, such representative is a citizen of the world. Whatever pertains to such character is of world interest. Hence it is that they in whose possession are held any facts which serve as a flashlight upon such character should regard such facts as the heritage of the world.

The name of Julius Cæsar is a synonym for the Roman Empire. Napoleon is French history. Moses is the Hebrew race. America is in her youth among the nations. Her history is yet unwritten. Her representatives are making history with such rapidity the his-

torian of the world is unable to trace it. But now and then the summing up of a single character is the exponent of all that precedes him, and the voice of prophecy of that which may follow.

American history has three distinct epochs. They are expressed in the names of Washington, Lincoln, McKinley. The McKinley epoch is a part of us—a part of the political movement of the hour. The hour is pregnant with possibilities which have not yet come to the birth. Governmental questions, mightier, more far reaching than have ever been projected upon the world, are now seething within the crucible of experiment. The hand of William McKinley, steadier, stronger than any other, has lighted the fires of that crucible. In the laboratory in which these tests are making, McKinley stood as the expert chemist. His hand has palsied, not by his own effort, but by the assassin of Progress. Another and another must enter within this workshop of the Nation and discover the modus operandi of individual power. Hence, the forces which aggregate that power must be understood. Any fact, any incident, any record

EGYPTIAN FAMILY TRAVELING. VEILED WIVES. UNVEILED CONCUBINES.

hidden away within the consciousness of any who have lived while he has lived, is of essential value to the analysis of such power.

The following sketch of the world journeyings of a McKinley Button carries with it suggestive incidents of the first campaign which are an exponent of the international thought of the period.

The theme must carry with it to the youth of the Nation a striking lesson of constructive character. It must bear with it an impulse to every reader to reach for the highest.

It holds, moreover, the impress of a twelve months' unfolding of the motive forces of a character which all the world studies and of which it has been said, as of few men who have lived, it was a character without stain.

The heroes of a people are studied in relation to the heroism of enterprise. An insight into the character of McKinley, as herein illustrated, reveals the dual fact, the ennobling fact, that his heroism was first within his own personality. The analysis of the evolution of governmental obligations and possibilities, the spirit of altruism which marks his transition from the policy of protection to the higher phil-

L of C

osophy of reciprocity, is incidental thereto. The author presents them as fragrant memories of the perfume of a life so diffusive the winds of the centuries shall bear them upon their bosom.

HEAD OF SPHINX.

The McKinley Button.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY OF A M'KINLEY BUTTON.

The science of mind under Nineteenth Century interpretation bases its superstructure upon Thought as the primal, inherent, indestructible force of the universe. All creeds, all formulas, all philosophies are thought forms. Accepting this hypothesis, it follows as a sequence that national codes are the embodiment of definite national thought. The student of history discovers in the national structure of given epochs the central thought of the nation of the epoch. All else is incidental.

The central national thought is the magnet which attracts to itself all else. Individualism is thought incarnate. Great historic characters

are they who have been the exponents of the thought of their distinctive eras. Men who have stood in the silent atmosphere of power and gathered to themselves the invisible forces. Not all men have listened well. Many have never walked the silent corridors of their own soul where God speaks, and so have never known their own divinity. Man in general walks the highway of passion; is wooed by some siren voice into the whirling eddies of the mælstrom. To such, life is a chance, the passing of the wind, the falling of a leaf, the roar of the tempest, or the lethargy of the stagnant waters. The forces of two worlds, the Seen and Unseen, are essential to the structure of the full man. He who dwells only in the Seen, is only familiar with material things. He gathers from things about him, not within him. The Unseen is to him the intangible, the unreal. It is that far off world into which we may enter only when the garments of mortality have become fringed and moth-eaten. He has failed to discover that mortality is the divine robe of immortality—the seamless garment in which immortality shall express itself to a questioning world.

But the man of an era, the man who receives the instinctive homage of all eras, even the not-understood homage of the unlettered masses, is he who has garbed himself in this seamless robe and interpreted immortality to the race.

The only immortality is truth. Truth has its birthright in the realm of the Unknown. Truth is always seeking an interpreter. Truth is the silent messenger of God, who on the wings of the morning flies to the uttermost parts of the earth and of whom inspiration hath said, "Even there thou art." Every interpreter of truth has felt within himself the breath of these passing wings, has caught its tones, perhaps, not a full cadence, rarely so, for the vibrations of untruth, of the distorted thought of the material man, have given a density to the atmosphere. But he who has caught a single vibration of truth and interpreted it to men, is he who lives when the years have found their sepulture. Thought knows no sepulture. It knows not the chill of the charnel house. It is never clothed in the drapery of night. For it are both sun and stars. It was of truth the Revelator said, "There shall be no night there." There is a

glory of soul to him who opens the windows of his house of clay and admits the radiance of the Divine. Such soul is he who going about among men, even they of obtuse vision, perceive the divine aura.

Such man was

WILLIAM M'KINLEY,

President of the United States. The radiance of his life was as the radiance of an unsetting star, but that radiance was the reflected glory of the undimmed Star of Bethlehem. We are standing too much in that radiance. We are too conscious of its brilliance. We are too near the personality to be fully persuaded he was but the reflecting surface of another and a greater glory, that glory, the eternal truth.

As the centuries lapse, the grandeur, the serenity of that truth, the immortality of that truth, shall constantly unfold itself, and souls still slumbering in the womb of Time will yet be born into the conscious world of Thought, girded about with the swaddling bands of its power.

The following story deals only with a sin-

EGYPTIAN MOTHER BEARING CHILD.

gle thought force which found its supreme embodiment in the public life of President McKinley. All his official acts radiated from the common center of the one great thought of which he was the exponent. That thought is

PROTECTION.

The following experiences of a McKinley button illustrate the philosophy of the evolution of thought forces, and carries with it this single note of National Truth—Protection.

Tracing it thus, it finds its force in commercialism, but Protection as a thought force is of broader significance. It touches all phases of national and individual life. Protection constitutes the crimson hue in every flag that floats the seas. It is the unwritten word in the Magna Charta of nations. It has its birth in the Infinite Mind. It is crystallized in that undying message of Him, who, footsore and weary, with the unwelcome of those to whom He came, entered His chariot of cloud, casting His Mantle of Protection over an unconscious world, in the vanishing ca-

dence of His matchless lips, "Lo, I am with you alway."

PROTECTION is the sylvan note of inspiration, vibrating in the souls of men wandering in the jungles of life, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

PROTECTION is the smile of the mother upon the slumbering babe at her breast.

PROTECTION is he about whose brow has fallen the sifting snows, whose feet have become entangled in the meshes of the years, whose hands tremulous with the oncoming silence is led along the narrow declivity by the child of his youth, now the man of his strength.

Nature as the manifestation of God is the great exponent of protection.

PROTECTION is the wing of the mother bird beneath which her birdlings slumber. It is the veil of mist sent up by the river to the sun-parched earth. It is the embracing earth extending its guardianship about the mountain brooklet, lest in its wanderings it lose its way

and never sing its song to the great sea of its ultimate protection.

It is the canopy which the palm leaf extends to the clinging vine which clothes its trunk with verdure that its delicate tendrils may not wither in the tropical heat.

PROTECTION IS THE STRIKING, DISTINCTIVE RACIAL THOUGHT OF ALL GOVERNMENTAL ORGANIZATIONS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN.

It was the Tongue of Confusion at the Tower of Babel—the law of protection in the dispersion of the races.

It is the Damascus blade on the battlefield of nations.

PROTECTION AS A COMMERCIAL FACTOR IS THE ONLY LAW OF LIMITATION MAN HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO STRETCH ACROSS THE PATH OF GRAY OLD OCEAN.

It is the measuring line of the coast defenses of the nations—the vital, undying energy of national coherence.

It is the supreme racial thought of the ages, whose momentum has been as the momentum of race progress.

When William McKinley was nominated

for the Presidency, Hope sat by the dying embers of our national faith and the Night of Despair was on.

William McKinley had recognized Protection as the mantle of Divinity stretched above a jostling world. William McKinley was the recognized Apostle of Protection.

Thought is the world's builder. It is the mechanism of commerce, of art, of the world of letters; in a word, of all achievement. The builder is an explorer, seeking new materials. The matter, the form of yesterday met the needs of yesterday. But a new light bursts upon the horizon of to-day. It is seen new fields are awaiting the explorer, a new mechanism is essential to the needs of to-day. If yesterday were glorious, to-day must be sublime. Progress steps across the threshold of to-day and at nightfall casts no backward glance. Its ultimate is beyond. Hence, the Thinker of the twilight brushes the dawn with a new force. The Star of the twilight is superseded by the Sun of the Morning. Yesterday was essential to to-day. Its forces, its needs, its mechanism, are not negatived by to-

day. The consummations of yesterday furnish the keystone of this morning's arch of power.

Hence, the Thinker who has well constructed his bases is ready for the superstructure.

PROTECTION IS THE OCTAVE OF POWER IN ITS INFANCY. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," constitutes the arpeggio of a new octave in a higher key and with more rapid vibrations. "Thyself" was the primitive conception. Man hedged himself about—loved himself. The race is the summary of units.

The philosopher of the ages is Christ, not of antecedent or subsequent ages but of all ages. In striking at the problems of the Past, He does not invalidate their method of solution. He only introduces another unknown quantity into the equation—"Thy neighbor"—the hitherto unknown. Protect thyself? Protect thy neighbor AS thyself. Thou, O, man! hast learned the law of self-protection. If thy neighbor has learned the same law, it is well. Then follows

RECIPROCITY.

Mutual interchange is the new form of law.

It is the sign of equality in the equation of Nations. It is the altruism of philanthropy.

President McKinley stepped from the twilight to the dawn of human action just as the vision of immortality passed before the camera of to-morrow. Perhaps, it was the prophetic ray of the eternal sunlight into which he was just entering. But he paused on the threshold of immortality long enough to throw the flashlight of a new conception upon a receptive world. He had been utterly loyal to his earlier conviction, conviction universal among his compatriots. The mystery of thought power is strangely manifest in the transition. His last utterances were studied. They had all the force of a message sent back from the Gateway of the Unreturnable, although rendered before he perceived the movement of the Gate.

Victor Hugo said of Waterloo, "It was not a battle, it was a change of the front of the universe." And such was the effect of this final battle of ideas.

"*Morituri salutamis*" (We who are about to die salute you), was the greeting to the Emperor, of the gladiatorial combatants as they entered the arena. Thus spake President McKinley, the new Apostle of Reciprocity, as he

was about to enter the arena of death. He saluted the world with a prophecy which lingers as a benediction. The dying man lay down his armor glittering with the new inscription, a new interpretation of victory—FREEDOM not alone for the victor, but the vanquished. Commercial liberty, not for a race, but for the races of men.

RECIPROCITY, therefore, is the final synonym of the altruism of Nations.

The "History of the McKinley Button," reveals the unrest of national thought under its final evolution. President McKinley, with his dying vision, recognized Reciprocity as the mantle of Divinity stretched above a world whose commercial unrest was dying away as a spent vibration. He stands as the "John the Baptist" of the higher Christian philosophy of Reciprocity. Hence, the significance of the "History of the McKinley Button" in its vindication of the hypothesis of thought evolution.

CHAPTER II.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF '96.

The transatlantic liner, "Paris"—that floating palace of the seas, whose tragic fate smote upon the heart of many a lover of the seas,—moved from the dock in New York harbor Aug. 26, '96. American cities, from the Golden Gate to the Narrows, were represented in her passenger list. These cities, all the way across the Continent, were gay with bunting. No hamlet but floated the Stars and Stripes from the windows of the cottages. In all the crowded thoroughfares where men and women jostle each other for place, the names of the Presidential candidates were officially announced by the button upon the breast. Even the unfranchised classes seemed most eager to swell the divided currents of public thought. New York City floated the Stars and Stripes from every turret.

The "Paris" was emphatically a campaign steamer.

We were a party of five. Each wore two buttons, one upon the breast, the other upon the lapel of the travelling jacket, with a tiny American flag at the throat, when we went on board, and in every clime, and upon all seas, until we landed in America. One we left in Egypt, of which with its companion, this history. Each of these buttons bore the features of him who disappointed not those who trusted that he should "redeem Israel." The farewells were said. The tears brushed away. The field-glasses turned upon the receding shore line with feverish interest, for destinies were in those waving colors and who should say, if "Protection" should kindle again the dying embers on the smouldering hearthstones of American homes. What message would reach the passengers in the divers lands whither they were hastening? Nor was there slight unrest, lest in the possible defeat financial panic should seize already depleted monetary centers and "Letters of Credit" depreciate, leaving the possessors stranded in strange lands.

The Atlantic was quiet as a summer evening. As a bird conscious of its wings moves through currents of the upper air, so the Paris moved through the mighty waters. On her vast promenade deck, facetiously styled "The Public Park" of the ship, was daily witnessed the strange anomaly of two National Conventions with self-appointed delegates, meeting in joint session. Vital issues were before the sessions, which only adjourned when the silent stars told the midnight watch. The Destiny of the Candidates changed as the sun dial. There were but two Candidates, for there was no foolishness on board the stately ship.

London was in a fever. Her temperature at the dead line. The McKinley button was met with averted eye. The wearer was at discount in the mighty city, whose industries were threatened. But the Londoner had to face it in the hotel corridors, in the parks, at the museums, at the Tower, whose gloomy halls have echoed with the wail of political tragedies. I believe in Westminster they would have accorded the button honorable sepulture! "Sealed the stone and set the

watch," but for a shuddering sense the keepers would be as "dead men."

At the Geneva Exposition no costly fabric was so zealously watched as the McKinley button. The great Fur houses of the graceful city, some of which have since collapsed, were in jeopardy. With a high tariff on seal-skins, watches and jewelry, whence were the Genevese traders to draw their vast incomes? From the four great Gates which swung side by side, "Exit" was had in four languages. But the "Ausgang" of the McKinley button was as the resistless edict, "Stay not on the order of your going," but go. From Geneva our party divided, two of the young ladies going to Berlin for a three years' course. Two, with the writer, went to Paris for a fortnight. Thence to Marseilles, where on the 24th of October we took passage on the steam yacht, "Midnight Sun," for a cruise on the "White Sea" of the Ancients. The ship's party was composed of one hundred and forty Londoners, Archeologists, Egyptologists, students from the British Museum, etc., plus eleven Americans. Dr. Barrows, whose recent untimely death has been a country's grief—with

his wife, were among the number. The scenes of the Paris promenade deck were repeated, with shifting positions. There was no division in the American lines. Eleven McKinley buttons met the eyes of the obstinate Londoners at 8:00 A. M., morning prayers (held in Episcopal form in the saloon), at table in the dining cabin, at Sunday Chapel, where "verily it was sacrilege." Yes, to the devotees of the Union Jack. But to the true American, the American flag hallows any time or place. In the political sessions on deck, the ratio of representation was as one to twelve, but the "One" was always the winning number. The young ladies were always the Fearless Defenders of the Faith. The English gentlemen were astonished at their ease of debate and knowledge of public affairs. The English maiden, graceful, dignified, charming, was, nevertheless, most at ease at her music, her embroideries, her "Teas," while the free, ringing laughter of the American girls was to them an unknown "Foreign" cadence. The English deprecated the nomination of William McKinley. His election, they affirmed, would imperil the financial interests of hundreds of

English capitalists and artisans. During the entire route there was maintained in saloon or on deck, sharp debate upon our National issues, and the effect upon the two nations of a Protective Tariff. The eleven Americans were all Protectionists.

At Naples, at Athens, at Constantinople, we learned from the American Consulates the progress of the campaign, and as the reports came in, the interest intensified and the battle of words (ideas) grew in proportion. At Smyrna, we anchored off coast, about 12:00 M. To our great surprise and great joy, an American ship-of-war of the fleet of the White Squadron, lazily rocked in Smyrnan waters, guarding with vigilant eyes American interests along the threatening Mohammedan coast of Asia Minor. As we were at lunch in the dining cabin of the "Sun," the strains of "God Save the Queen" fell upon grateful ears from an unknown source. It was discovered, a boat load of native musicians had drawn up under the portholes of the dining cabin and were playing a salute to the English ship. But it was at Smyrna we were to hear of the predicted result of the election. A greeting to

England was not in harmony with the momentous occasion. I quietly withdrew from the saloon, went on deck, wrote on a slip of paper, "Play 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue,'" accompanied the same with several pieces of coin, attached them to a string and dropped them into the boat. I returned as quietly to my seat at table, and soon the whole company started up in unfeigned surprise, as the melody of American national airs floated through the cabin; whereupon someone shouted, "Three cheers for William McKinley, President of the United States," and they were given with a will by the little party, victorious at last. I think it was Dr. Barrows who instantly arose and lifted his glass in honor of "William McKinley, President of the United States," which was eagerly responded to by the expectant group. The English declared it was at least premature. But the American spirit was not to be silenced. During the afternoon, we went ashore in launches and direct to the Consulate, where the joyful news of the election had been officially received. We were a wild lot. Dr. Barrows, from the Consulate,

NOTIFICATION COMMITTEE AT CANTON.

cabled to President McKinley the congratulations of "Eleven happy Americans." That night was a wild night on the boat. We sang American airs, decorated every available space with American flags, and talked to the stars and the gleeful sea of our triumph. From that hour the Americans were in the ascendant.

We were in Jerusalem some days and there, amid the ruins of an inextinguishable past, the joy of the new world was heralded on many lips.

Sailing to Alexandria we took train for Cairo, the city of dead men's bones, of women of that ravishing beauty which must be veiled from all eyes, lest they be spirited away by regal intrigue.

Cairo with its four hundred thousand inhabitants, its forestry of minarets, its Byzantine domes, its splendid Citadel, its background of Mokattam hills. Cairo, a city of avenues and boulevards, of parks and fountains, of palaces and gardens, of statues and mosques, of Christian churches and, thank God, the English flag and the English barracks. The most Cosmopolitan place in all the world. Here the care-

worn business man of Europe or America forgets his delinquent debtors; the weary invalid lounges in the moonlight air with never a sense of falling dew. And this is the rainless land. The fairyland of one's dreams. The weirdest Paradise of one's night visions. Cairo, in the winter season, is a scene of gaiety rarely equalled in any eastern metropolis. Among the English and American residents and visitors a perfect social harmony prevails. One spending a winter in Egypt, properly introduced, will not want for social opportunities. I remarked to the American Consul, "The Occident and the Orient meet in Cairo." He answered, "They run parallel, they never meet."

The hotels of modern Cairo are palaces, all built with the same general reference to the street, the frontage about twenty feet from the street line. We were at the New Hotel, in the Place de l'Opera, opposite the Royal Gardens of Ezbekiyeh. In the Place before the Hotel, stands the equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha. Shepherd's Hotel, famed in song and story, is two blocks away. The entire frontage of the hotel is spanned to the street line with a terrace, enclosed and canopied by trellis work, in-

DONKEY BANGLES.

terlaced with trailing vines and interwoven with flowers of the most delicate perfume. Oriental draperies, sedan chairs, divans, tables, fill the pavilion. A love scene may be enacted unseen in any one of twenty of these arbored nooks, which are divided by screens into dainty apartments, where coffee or sherbert is served to that ever mystical number, two. Here the Egyptian Jugglers amuse the guests with twilight incantations. But the street line is the chief point of interest. Below the balustrade, on the sidewalk, the natives cry their wares, and all the strange sights of that strangest of all cities greet the eye and entrance the thought of the tourist. Here crowd the donkey boys with their donkeys. Not the sort for native travel, but high-toned beasts with dainty white feet and long white nose, a delicate gray epidermis, closely groomed, strings of jingling, coin-shaped bangles about the throat, a fancy chest girdle of tasselated wool fringes, and gaily caparisoned saddles. Each is attended by a donkey boy, not the least attractive of the two. Boys who have picked up enough English to advocate their own cause and with borrowed Yankee wit that is irresistible. Many places

of interest to tourists are accessible only by means of donkeys or camels. The donkeys are easily mounted, fleet footed, at least when accompanied by their owners, and so are more generally adopted. The donkey boys, with a keen eye to the foreigner and his specialties, marshal their beasts in front of the hotels on arrival of the Alexandrian trains, and wait opportunity to advertise the distinctive merits of each. The next morning after our arrival, we were ranged against the balustrade of the terrace, watching the street scenes. It had been learned by that instinctive sense which in any land has an eye to the main chance, that this party of Americans were to make the Pyramids. The donkey boys, the only thing in Egypt not slow, were here in numbers, descanting vociferously on the merits of their respective beasts. One, with keen practice, leading his sleek donkey to the railing where stood one of my young ladies, said:

"Miss—You—Merican? You wish donkey? You ride Yankee Doodle?"

Miss M. shook her head and he persisted. "You Merican? You no like Yankee Doo-

dle?" While Miss M. was thus engaged, another boy approached my daughter.

"You—Merican, Miss, you wish donkey? Me, me, donkey, William McKinley, good, good Donkey." We burst into convulsive laughter, but nothing daunted, he continued:

"You—Merican? You wish good donkey? Me donkey, *President McKinley, good donkey, good donkey, sheap, sheap—You take him?*" This, too, within a stone's throw of the Pyramids and the immortal Sphinx, and within a fortnight after the election. Who shall say the fame of President McKinley has not girdled the earth? And I am wondering what the donkey boys are saying to-day, when the halo of his administration has broken the night-watch of the Nations and the Morning has come, when the toiler shall no more say, "I am weary."

A few days later, a section of the London party, with the eleven Americans, took passage by early boat for a visit to the great Necropolis of the Ancient City of Memphis, including the Pyramids of Sakkara, the Tombs of the Apis Bulls, the Cemetery of Cats, and that world wonder of tombs, the Mastaba of

Thy. The day was like most Egyptian days, a charm. The Nile was at its best. The first point of interest is the Island of Rhoda, ever memorable for the papyrus boat in which, upon its banks, the infant Moses was cradled. This act was in harmony with the customs of to-day. Native women make these tiny papyri boats, place their babes in them, and swim across the Nile, at low water, pushing their boats before them. On the north end of the Island is the Tree of Healing, dedicated to the Saint Mandura. The tree looks more like a flagstaff, bearing the tattered flags of all nations. These rags have once covered the wounds of sufferers. The patient unbinds the affected part and suspends the covering upon the tree as a votive offering to the saint. He then binds two leaves of the tree upon the ulcer, of whatever character, and goes away healed (?). Upon this Island also is the Nilometer which records the progress of the annual inundation of the Nile. When it reaches the requisite level, the proclamation of the "Wefa" is issued, for cutting the banks and opening the canals to receive the water for storage and distribution. Formerly the taxes were regulated

by the height of the inundation, the commercial and agricultural wealth being wholly determined thereby.

After three lazy hours we landed near the village of Bedrashen. Donkeys had been ordered in advance for the main party, chairs and bearers for my daughter, Miss M———, and myself. These chairs are attached on either side, at bottom, to a long pole, and four Arab bearers lift the four ends of the poles to their shoulders, and the rider is suspended midway. The day was insufferably hot, and although we were shaded by various Egyptian devices for protection against sunstroke, before we had proceeded far, my young ladies were succumbing to the heat. Our bearers, either by design or from fatigue, failed to keep pace with the donkey-riders, and we fell behind. Soon, however, we came to the ruins of the Temple of Pthah. Here were four of the advance party, lingering still amid the memories of an undying past. They, too, were heat sufferers. The entire party had visited the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Gizeh, and on consultation we decided to await, amid these splendid ruins, the return of the Sakkara

party. We climbed from ruin to ruin of the ancient and mighty Temple, still half-submerged from the receding inundation, and wandered on to the recumbent Statue of Rameses II. It lies in a horizontal position within a wooden frame-work guarded by the overhanging palms. It is forty-two feet in length, a limestone monolith three thousand years old. We ascended a platform and looked down upon the unresponsive face of the mighty slumberer, whom Warner labels as "The handsomest and most conceited swell of all Egyptian Monarchs." His head bears the royal crown, his chin has a beard, his left hand holds the emblem of royalty. His name is engraven upon breast and shoulder. Our party walked about this prostrate statue. He lies asleep beneath the palms,—his pillow a stone,—his feet broken and missing. The Nile overflow submerges him, the jackals screech his lullaby, but he lies undisturbed in his stately dignity, the colossal symbol of "Oppression." As we stood talking of that fateful Egyptian night, when there was "One dead" in every house, not afar off,—and of the great caravansary of "six hundred thousand footmen"—"besides children,"

RECUMBENT STATUE OF RAMESES. FROM EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION N. D. THOMPSON PUB. CO., ST. LOUIS.

which passed this way, under the impetuous order of this Pharaoh of the Egyptians, we were startled by an Arab courier riding a splendid Arab steed, who came dashing into our midst with an air of consequence, and delivered a message to our Dragoman who interpreted it to us.

The Sheik of an Arab village some distance away had learned that a party of distinguished Americans were within his Province, and "His Majesty" extended an invitation to us to visit his village and "palace." This was the ultimatum of hope, to visit a genuine Arab establishment of rank. One gentleman, Col. H———, of London, was in our party and so, little heeding what awaited us, we accepted the invitation. The courier dashed away and soon returned with a mounted escort clad in garments indicative of their rank. We formed in line, myself at the front, my daughter second, Miss M. third, seated in our chairs, which the bearers gracefully lifted to their shoulders. The three London ladies followed on their donkeys, with Colonel H——— in the rear for our protection. As we advanced, all along the route, our cavalcade re-

ceived fresh installments of mounted Arabs. Entering the village, at each angle we received additional numbers of dogs and donkeys, men, women and children, on foot or on camels,—a most motley group and one worthy any camera expert. But all Orientals have an instinctive dread of the box. It is "The Devil's glass." Beside, we were too much absorbed in studying the situation. The village was built of Nile mud. The houses were simply partition walls which divided families. Roofless, for rains are unknown,—floorless, doorless, windowless—for it is never cold. The spaces for such were filled with semi-human looking creatures, in all stages of Oriental undress, all of whom fell into line as we passed. Suddenly we emerged from the alley-like streets into the open court of the Sheik's palace. It stood on an elevation. Our bearers let down our chairs, the mounted, dismounted, and hastily adjusting our dusty garments, the Sheik's official interpreter conducted us to the pavilion opening on this court. Here the Sheik, with the Chief Magistrates of the village, received us. Standing in line with all due formality, we were each presented by the interpreter to

the Sheik, and successively to all in the receiving line. The Sheik and each of the Magistrates had a thin drapery of black cloth thrown over the extended hand as a mark of deference. Against the walls of the pavilion was a line of seats over which Persian rugs had been thrown. Here we were invited to sit while heavier rugs of exquisite pattern were spread for our feet. Seated, coffee was served in tiny cups of the most delicate china, enclosed in receivers of heavy silver, brought on silver trays by Arab attendants with all the obsequiousness common to the Oriental. These removed, on silver salvers were brought dates from the adjacent trees, ripe, yellow, luscious. The collation over, the Sheik invited the ladies to visit his Harem, with the injunction that the gentleman of the party tarry with the Magistrates. He led us up a flight of stone steps on the outer wall and ushered us into the Purdah room of the Harem. Evidently great preparations had been made for our reception. The four wives of the Sheik were introduced, in the order of their rank. They were each clad in complete costumes of the heaviest black, with black veils extending from the brow over the glossy black

hair, enveloping neck and shoulders, much as a mourning costume in America, but with far different significance, this being the "court" apparel. Their arms were bare and covered with jewels, large rings were pendant from ears sparkling with jewels. Persian rugs had been spread on the floor and we were invited to sit. As we hesitated, the Sheik, divining the situation, rushed out. In his absence the women surveyed us, examining our dress, our hair, our hats, with minutest care, and in the rich language of gesture indicated their delight. They ventured to touch our hands and cheeks as delicately as if we were rare and precious things. The Sheik returned with a stool for each of us, fashioned like unto a tripod. He seemed greatly pleased that he had met our necessities. After an interchange we were invited to a collation in the corridor of the inner Court of the Women. Imagine our consternation at finding a pile of at least two bushels of sweet corn, parched and heaped upon mats upon the floor. We were invited to sit with the women and partake. Knowing it would be a gross violation of the rights of hospitality to refuse to eat, my thought instantly

sped away to the soul's inner chamber for a solution of the problem. Speaking through the interpreter, I said, "If 'Your Majesty' will allow me the privilege to express a wish, we would, according to the customs of our own country, regard it high courtesy if we might be permitted, each to bear a few ears of the royal menu to our home and country, for the pleasure of our friends." To this he readily conceded, and we were each provided with a roll of the delectable ears; but we seemed even then not to have met the etiquette of the occasion, and we made an ungraceful attempt to honor our host, by sitting upon the mats and nibbling the corn with the royal ladies. These harem beauties followed us as we withdrew, with divine longings in the depths of their unfathomable eyes; longings for that liberty which is alone the inheritance of the women of Christian civilization. The Sheik urgently requested that we pass the night with his queens in the Royal Harem as the guests of "His Majesty." This was a new and startling situation, and the Colonel, our protector, not admitted to the ladies' quarter. Drawing upon our re-

serve forces, we explained we were a section of an American and English party which had gone on to Sakkara, whom we must meet at the harbor a few miles away at nightfall. The argument was inadequate. The Sheik "owned a Nile yacht" and we should be "conveyed to Cairo on the following day in regal state, with official escort." But we urged, we were representatives of our Government and must not delay our mission. (We had been provided with letters from the Departments at Washington—in response to which, we had been, at many points, under the especial escort of the Kewasse of the Consulate. The Kewasse is always dressed in official costume, of American army blue; the American shield braided in gold in the breast of the coat, the American flag between the shoulders, and the American eagle spreading its wings from the frontlet of his cap. In his belt he carried a sword, a carbine and a brace of pistols.) To a native in any Oriental country, the presence of the Kewasse denotes official rank. On this day we were not thus attended, but the native Dragoman had heralded our coming. Hence our high commission was at once accepted by

the Sheik. With a graceful demurrer he led the way to the stone stairs amid the parting wail of the distinguished ladies.

Descending, at the left was another section of the palace, with grated upper windows, at which we had observed, when in the court below, the faces of two or three women and several baby heads. As we passed, the Sheik savagely noticed the unlicensed curiosity of his concubines, and lifting one protesting finger towards the window, they vanished by a single movement and were seen no more.

Again in the pavilion of the court our party conferred together as to some expression of our gratitude to the venerable Sheik. I inquired of the interpreter if a purse of money would be acceptable to the Sheik, as we had little else with us. He assured us it would be held a gross indignity, saying, "The Sheik is the owner of this whole province. What is gold to him?" Colonel H——— said, "Ladies, if you will pardon the individual act, I will present a bunch of cigars as a token the world over of good fellowship, and smoke with him." (Alas! that women have no universal rite of hospitality). While the Colonel

was thus engaged with the Sheik, the ladies held another conference to discover if we had anything about us which we could offer, appreciative of the rare courtesy of a visit to the harem. We examined our slight possessions but found nothing worthy. Suddenly my daughter turned to me, as if under the flash of an inspiration, and said, "Mamma, give him your McKinley button, and make a presentation speech in our behalf." With some slight experience in public speaking I ventured the difficult role. The receiving party stood for our farewells. I passed up the line, greeted the Sheik, took the button from my breast, and said: "Your Majesty, I take from my bosom a silver button. It bears on its face the photograph of the most distinguished American the New World has ever known, the President of the United States, William McKinley. His brow is garlanded with the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our liberties. You, sir, most noble Sheik, with the Magistrates of your village, have most graciously received and entertained the loyal subjects of this great Sovereign of a mighty Nation. Notwithstanding the traditions of exclusion common to your

people, you, sir, in deference to our less restricted forms with which you seem familiar, have admitted these ladies into the inner Court of the Women. You have farther favored them with an introduction to your representative men. Therefore, in behalf of the women of my country, in behalf of the Government you have this day recognized and honored, in the rites of hospitality extended its citizens, I hereby confer upon you the Decoration of the Order of the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of the Knights of William McKinley, President of the United States." I then fastened the button upon his breast.

In the exultation of the moment the Sheik replied, "Speech is impossible. I cannot tell it." Then taking it from his bosom into his own hands, he minutely examined it, touched it as gently as though it were a gem of costliest value. With triumph in his eyes he passed it down the line to be examined by the Magistrates. I then replaced it upon his bosom, and he wore it with full confidence of having been decorated at the instance of the President of the United States. But I had only increased the complications. Now

we *must* remain as his guests and the guests of the village. A banquet should be given in the evening to all the notables, a lamb should be killed and the auspicious event should be celebrated after the standard of its significance. He would place his own boat with skilled officers and appropriate escort, at our disposal for the Nile journey on the morrow. But we insisted, our Government duties admitted of no delay. Having surrendered hope, the receiving party were again in line to receive our farewells, and the grasp of the draped hands was cordial and dignified as became the "representatives of a great Nation." We were returned to our chairs and donkeys, with the blessing and freedom of the village, and provided with an escort of added numbers and dignity.

The cavalcade, as it moved from the Palace Court, was one-half mile in length, and increased in novelty at every step. Native musicians, singers in the Arab tongue, a growing retinue of dogs, and donkeys, camels and their burdens, altogether a most grotesque and anomalous escort to the steamer some miles away. As we went on board, the vast crowd sent up a parting shout that stirred even the

placid waters of the ancient river. A score or two of the "hangers-on" leaped into the water, diving about the vessel for coins thrown by the passengers which they successfully brought up in their mouths. Suddenly there was a stampede to the gang-plank and a rush for the deck. The scene beggared description, and only by the lash of the official group was the frantic effort of the Fellaheen checked. We lifted anchor and moved out, the wail of our entertainers floating upon the evening winds.

Sailing the Nile at the sunset hour is rapture. Our ideal of sunset upon sea or land, is the amber of the sea, or the opaline of the clouds. But sunset on the Nile, under a sky forever cloudless—the rays of the dying sun seem to be shivered like broken rainbows in the atmosphere, and their myriad tints blended and absorbed. Here then is a full diapason of color, under a sapphire sky. This sinks into deep blue, melts into dove tints, fades into gray; then comes on the olive afterglow. The moon comes sailing up the horizon, a queen in yellow robes, untinted by any ochre. It is the deep canary shade—and then the silence on its banks. No vast populations. Only low Arab

mud villages here and there. The Shadoof* has gone to rest. The Sakeyeh* has ceased its revolutions. The horizon line is unbroken by shaft or minaret. Here and there the graceful palm and ever and ever the Pyramids in their imperishable glory, their long, long silences. All the world is hushed to sleep like a babe on the bosom of Omnipotence.

The McKinley button had fulfilled its destiny. It had told its story to the anxious multitudes of the vast City of the Thames. It had travelled over the world-famed battleground of Waterloo. It had wandered through the cities of the stolid German, passed the historic Rhine, sailed with Tell, the patriot "in irons" about Lucerne, to Kussnacht Keep, under sentence of the Austrian tyrant Gessler. "In order to break the National spirit, Gessler hung his hat on a lime in the market-place, and ordered every passer-by to bow to it." Tell alone re-

*Shadoof—Sakeyeh. Native pumps of primitive construction in operation on the banks of the Nile, to convey water to gardens. The first is operated by hand. The second consists of a series of jars, attached by cogs, to the circumference of a large wheel. The wheel revolves by the tread of buffaloes, the pots are attended by natives.

BONNIVARD'S DUNGEON.

fused. Against this fateful tree, Tell was sentenced to place his only son, and as all the world knows, pierce with an arrow the apple or the child. A second arrow, concealed for the tyrant's heart if the first proved fatal, was discovered. Tell was sentenced to Kussnacht Keep, escaped en route from the boat in the storm, and later pierced Gessler's heart at Kussnacht. From thence the button travelled over the blue waters of Lac Leman with its tints of amber and gold, to "Chillon's dungeon gray and old," Bonnivard's immortal words lingering as an undying cadence. After six weary years of chains and darkness, his country's freedom was still the burning passion of his soul. When the messengers announced to Bonnivard, "You are free," Bonnivard cried out, "What of Geneva?" "Free, too," answered the messengers, and then only did the patriot's heart beat for joy as he returned to his beloved Geneva. Was there nothing prophetic in the succession of martial scenes?—from Geneva to the Parisian capital, under the illumination reception of the Czar, when there was no more night in the gay city. Was it a passing fancy that even here, the silent

face upon the canvas gave forth a softer, loftier halo than all the weird light of these thousands of incandescents, and one which should not pass away? Continuing its mission, this sublime face had attracted the protest of the wily Neapolitans; had halted in the Halls of Revelry at Pompeii, for the vision of their matchless frescoes, after a volcanic entombment of seventeen centuries,—it had felt the power of Paul's majestic words before the august Areopagitæ on Mars Hill, which the winds of the centuries can never dissipate,—had stood in the presence of that divinity in ruins, the Athenian Parthenon,—had lent itself to the glory of the Stadion (the modern restoration of the ancient Stadium) its vast amphitheatre of glittering Pentelic marbles, telling the story of the Olympian games and their revival, "after a suppression of more than fifteen hundred years," in which, a few months before, the interest of American colleges was so widely awakened.

The Midnight Sun sailed from Piræus for Constantinople, under the protest of the Consulate at Athens, and was the first foreign steamer to anchor in the harbor of the death-

stricken city since April. For its protection, the English and American Consuls asked of the Sultan a guard of Turkish soldiers at the pier (a questionable defense) and the passengers were warned to return to the vessel, each eve, before nightfall. At no time to utter a syllable, or put an interrogation concerning the massacre to the cabmen or dragomen, all of whom were spies. Dr. Barrows had engaged to give an evening lecture at Roberts College. The American Consulate requested of the Sultan a military guard for the college. The College Faculty stationed twelve men as a secret watch over the movements of the guard during the night. Such was the feeling of insecurity. We visited the scenes of the massacre of those two fearful days, August 26th and 27th, when within thirty-six hours, from four to six thousand, mostly Armenians, according to conservative estimate, had been slaughtered. Within the celebrated "Cistern of one thousand and one Columns," the bottom having been filled with earth, the Armenian silk spinners had their secluded quarters. Here still stood their silent looms while their warm blood stained the places of our feet. We crossed

the Galatea Bridge, where had occurred the heaviest slaughter, and gazed long and silently into the sullen waters which had afforded the mangled victims their only asylum, and questioned if God reigned—the button all the while flashing the rebuke of a country whose God is the Lord, and where, of all the world, Liberty is not a misnomer. After Smyrna, the button had wandered about the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, temple, even in its exhumed and fragmentary glory, an architectural miracle. It had tarried at Jerusalem, bending above the Manger at Bethlehem, listening with His disciples to the "Sermon on the Mount," dipping in the Jordan, kneeling in Gethsemane, on the heights of Calvary, at the "Holy Sepulchre,"—stood before the Sphinx, ascended Cheops, and at last rested on the bosom of a proud Magnate of the followers of Islam.

Once only was its mission imperilled. "The Sun" was the largest steamer which had attempted the passage of the Corinthian Canal, an artificial water course one hundred feet wide, twenty-five feet deep, three miles in length, cut through the solid rock of the Isth-

CHAPEL OF MANGER, CHURCH OF NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

mus of Corinth—for more than a mile—in a vertical line, one hundred and seventy feet deep, straight and smooth as an arrow; a feat of engineering, dreamed of by Alexander, attempted by Nero, abandoned as impossible for eighteen hundred years—executed by the French in ninety-three. The passage of the canal abridged the distance to Athens by three hundred miles. We were taken through by the pilot, who gave a zigzag motion to the steamer, which struck to right—to left—each shock threatening to crush holes in the steamer's sides and sink us.

"Protection" was the mighty word encircling the face which looked calmly down upon the seething waters, up the line of the unscalable precipice—into the blue heavens, and unto the Throne of Him in whom its prototype found "Protection."

The companion button re-crossed the Mediterranean, listened to the fiery words of Marc Antony in the Roman Forum, as the body of Cæsar was burning at his feet,—from the crumbling Galleries of the Colosseum, looked down upon that "damned spot" where stalks

the "Ghost of Rome" and will not "out." Nor can

> "Great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean" from their hands.

It appeared before the Holy Father in the Sistine Chapel at the high function, the "Consistory," when Monseigneur Satolli was created Cardinal,—attended the Requiem Mass for Victor Immanuel in the Pantheon, on the anniversary of his death,—smiled lovingly on the flower-strewn slab in the "Church of the Ognissanti" in Florence, which covers all that is mortal of Amerigo Vespucci; knelt beside the figure of America at the feet of the Statue of Columbus in the Genoese harbor, over which his far away eyes keep sentinel watch,—under the shadow of Tintoretto's Paradise, in the Hall of the Nobles of the Doges Palace, studied the historical frescoes of the Venetian Republic,—in the great Casino of Monte Carlo, watched the game of Life and Death, (mostly Death); traversed the land of Old Castile with its ruined towers, its moss-grown walls and crumbling cities, little recking the oncoming eruption of its slumbering volcanoes "de

NEW HALL OF PLAY, MONTE CARLO.

MONTE CARLO — PRIZE VIEW OF LA BORDINA.

Cuba;"—attended the great Catholic Pilgrimages of the Fountain of Lourdes in the Pyrenees, where five thousand come on a single excursion to bathe in its mystical waters, many of whom go away healed of all their diseases; journeyed through the interior of France, the life of whose peasantry the genius of Maillet has well glorified, for to them there is no other glory,—on again to the rollicking French capital, and the memories of the French Revolution and the ties which bind us, in Lafayette and the Civil War. Thence to London to meet the gaze of the potentates of all the earth at the Queen's Jubilee,—and as its final function to appear at the dual marriage ceremony in London, of the two young ladies of the Egyptian chairs,—then again in the cabin of the "Paris," to our native land, redeemed by the button, which, losing its companion in Egypt, has since, and yet awaits the publication of this history to end its pilgrimage and reach its final destination.

CHAPTER III.

RESUMÉ.

The preceding history of the McKinley Buttons would be incomplete without the addendix of their second campaign.

Immediately following the London wedding, Major S———, a surgeon in the English army, with his bride, sailed for India under detail of three years.

Mr. T——— (also an Englishman with five years' residence in Southern France), with his bride, took the steamer "Paris" for America.

The first administration had vindicated the button. "Protection" sat enthroned. The nation worshiped at her shrine. Her golden scepter had been lifted above every despairing heart under the flag. The smoldering embers of our national industries had been kindled into flame. The moan of pale women and unnourished babes had died away into

TWO WOMEN "GRINDING AT THE MILL," PALESTINE.

silence, and Hope was the mother's lullaby song.

Far over the western seas young men and brave were bearing the flag of "Protection" into the very seat of the despotic power of the unbroken centuries. Like the mighty ship amid the storms of the great seas, every nerve was strained, every timber creaked. National thought was tensed. But with that unswerving faith in the Nation's God, which constituted the divinity of the Chief Executive, every man moved to his place as by some supernal instinct.

At the very height of the movement the cry of "Imperialism" was sounded by careless lips. Again the vibrations of national unrest trembled in the air. Piston valves moved with fitful and uncertain action. The scale of our national credit fluctuated under the weight of "Empire." The heart of that frenzy of empire was within the city of him who sounded the trumpet blast of terror.

No city of modern times in any struggle, civil or religious, has been so swept by the currents of divided thought. Every window pane, from the humblest cabin to the most princely

home, announced the candidate of its occupants. All roads led to the "Home of the next President."

November 6th. It was a sleepless night. Silent and tense the vigils. The day dawned. The day of "Jubilee."

An English steamer from the shores of the Himalayas had a few days earlier entered the dock in New York harbor. Among the passengers were the English officer and his wife.

At the home of the writer, in the city of the dead "Empire," on the night after election was given another "Jubilee" dinner. At table sat five of the "happy Americans" of the Smyrna cable. The dining hall was decorated with the flags of all nations that had welcomed the McKinley button in its first campaign wanderings.

The Union Jack and the American flag were interlaced. The floral decorations were McKinley Carnations. All windows were heavy with the red, white and blue. Flags filled every nook of the spacious veranda and floated from every point of vantage. Two English husbands had learned the lesson of "Protection" of the two American girls of the

Photo by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Photo by Courtney, Canton, Ohio.

MRS. M'KINLEY.

"Egyptian chairs." Each of this jubilant party wore at dinner the McKinley button of the foreign expedition. The "campaign of the Nile" button graced the breast of the speech-maker of the Sheik's palace. The veritable "Toasts" of the English yacht at Smyrna were again offered and the night went mad with enthusiasm.

The English officer and his bride have re-crossed the seas. The campaign button again awaits its final destination when this brochure shall find its place in McKinley literature.

A new light has passed over the calm features—the light of immortality. The nation which has mourned such leader shall never perish from the earth. When the hand of the Future shall write the history of Christian civilizations, the name of William McKinley will be written as the stainless soul of these civilizations.

Of all its fair pages, the fairest shall be that which bears the name of him who in the death struggle prayed from the cross of his own final agony:

"Father, forgive him, he knows not what he does."

In Memoriam.

"Father, forgive!"

These words are the unspent vibration of the great minor tone of Calvary, the keynote of the Divine melody, sounded by the lips of death, in the twentieth century, in the very chamber of national power. That note is the exponent of that power, under the highest civilization the world has ever known.

It is the momentum of Calvary. The very existence of a republic is its demonstration. When the sovereign of a great republic, death-struck by violence in the midst of his friends, uses the possible fragment of time, which is his, in praying for his assassin, he gives the world the sublimest evidence of his own divinity.

President McKinley's life is the masterpiece, drawn by Life's great Artist, on the canvas of the ages.

It may well be said it required a hundred years to produce such a man. That life was the product of antecedent, pregnant forces. Study that life. Measured by any standard it is the equivalent of the highest.

No dissection of his public or private acts reveals the disease of selfishness; although this is

an age in which men's virtues only are remembered, it is an hour when the analysis of character is universal. Yet the life of President McKinley, under the microscope of public examination for twelve months, reveals nothing which his most ardent friend could wish withheld. In fact, each test of the microscope gives heightened coloring to word and deed, and a devoted people eagerly await each new tint. In this, men do not praise McKinley; they exalt his virtues.

President McKinley's religious character was never marred by political strife. In all his political struggles the dignity and depth of his religious convictions were never for one moment compromised. He was always found equal to great emergencies, which he met with that composure of spirit which is the certain index of trust in the Infinite resources. When carried beyond his personal conviction by the *vox populi*, even then he met the crisis with that tranquility which is only possible to one who has made that greatest of all conquests, the conquest of self. Said Cicero to Caesar, "To have conquered yourself is a deed which raises you above humanity, and makes you most like God." Verily that conquest was manifest in the life of President McKinley, as in no other man who has lived. Born of this greatness

of self-discipline was that magnificent capacity to control other men; to persuade an entire Congress, as one man, to assume a grave responsibility, wholly unconscious they were impelled by any extraneous influence.

The White House correspondent "L. W. P.," writing in "Campbell's Illustrated Journal," gives the following incident, which is worthy to be repeated in every text-book in the land. "I once said to Mr. McKinley, 'Major, you have the most remarkable self-control I ever saw in a man.' He replied: 'Yes, I have learned self-control. It has been a matter of discipline. Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid for many years. Her life has at times hung by a thread, and her physician believed I could strengthen or weaken that hold on life. I schooled myself, and never went into her presence without a smile on my face and the assurance in my manner that the universe was moving as I had ordered. It mattered not how the world treated me, or what were my trials; I had to go to my wife as though the world were mine, and everything run as I would have it. It was not easy at all times to follow the directions of the doctor; but there was my wife's life at stake. It was the highest stake a man ever played for, and I played to WIN.'"

Would that some limner of the Immortals,

dipping his brush in eternal colors, might paint that picture of devotion on the canvas of the world's memory for the eyes of unborn races.

But it must forever remain in any record, public or private, of President McKinley as the one supreme quality, his devotion to his wife. Is there anything more sublime in the record of character, in any age, than the self-discipline the above incident illustrates?

Murat Halsted, in the Memorial Number of the "Saturday Evening Post" (*a*), writes most tender and pathetic things of Mrs. McKinley. Her absorbing devotion to her husband is most gently portrayed. Her daily visits to the place of interment; her sorrowful moan, "There is now nothing for me but to wait, and I want to go," defines the indivisibility of these two rare souls. Mr. Halsted quotes Mrs. McKinley's words concerning her husband: "It seemed that, without speech, he knew a wish when I formed it, and our love was for every day."

Such is the compensation of Immortality: the indivisibility of two souls is unchanged by the disrobings of mortality. The soul cannot separate itself from itself, under the divine law of unity. When the recognition of this truth becomes the central impulse of Christian faith, rather than as now, a myth of speculation, then

will the millennium of the soul come. Mr. McKinley, of all men, believed in immortality. His faith in the reunion of friends after death was absolute.

The great fact to be commemorated in the death of President McKinley is that his life is a legacy of love to humanity. Is it any marvel the "little children cried in the streets when he died"? And Mr. Halsted has well said, "That was the tenderest tribute ever paid to the immortals, whose gift of greatness was kindness." Of this universal tenderness to children Mr. Charles Emory Smith writes (b): "It was as natural for him to send the child that was ushered into his presence away with the treasured carnation as it was to stop and give his boutonniere to the proud engineer of his special train."

Mr. McKinley's unwritten life is the highest, divinest commentary upon human action. It is a grateful truth, that whatever of worth has been lived in any life continues to live. To such there is no death, even in time. Mr. McKinley's work is done, and well done. Its influence is deathless, its continuity of power unbroken. He saw in all men what he saw in himself. He conceded to all men the same liberties he desired for himself.

(*a*)-(*d*)—Mr. Halsted, *Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 6, 1902.
(*b*)-(*c*)—Charles Emory Smith, *Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 13, 1902.

The President's dying prayer for forgiveness for his assassin was but the expression of his life-long attitude toward those who wronged him.

Referring again to Mr. Smith's (*c*) "Memorial Paper," he gives the following incident concerning a Cabinet meeting: "A Federal officer had issued a public paper, in which he reflected on the Administration. It was a foolish and unwarranted criticism. The question came up as to whether he should be disciplined. The President had not known of the paper, and asked to see it. On glancing over it, he said: 'I don't know but this officer is directly criticising me, and you had better leave the paper with me, and let me examine it more closely.' 'And, Mr. President, if you find he is criticising you, what will you do?'

"'I will forgive him,' was the President's immediate and calm answer."

Such is the man whom American history will always honor. One of the few men whose entire life, public and private, furnishes to history an untarnished page, and the summary of whose life is expressed in the President's own words concerning the assassination of President Lincoln:

"Whenever and however death came, he had done enough for immortality" (*d*).

O mighty soul! that erst was with us;
Men saw not, knew not, the fullness of thy strength,
'Till the sudden obscuration of thy sun at midday,
Left the world in darkness.

* * * * * * * *

"* * * Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by * * *."

THE AIM OF THE ASSASSIN.

William McKinley: the Man, the Citizen, the Friend of Humanity.

William McKinley was not assassinated. There was nothing about the man to invite the aim of the assassin. As well might he shoot at a star. The orbit of the star would be undisturbed. Its lustre would only be dimmed to the eyes focusing the smoke of the bullet. The discharge of the weapon, moreover, would serve to direct the gaze of the multitudes toward the radiance of the unsetting star.

What, then, constitutes the motive of the assassin? Not the destruction of the man, but of that which he represented—the truth. Not a truth, but THE TRUTH, the sublimest thing of the ages—the only immortal thing.

President McKinley thought God's thoughts. Thought, borne by the winds of heaven, breathed in the caves and the catacombs, caught up by

the crest of the sea waves, has ever beaten against the rocks of superstition, to find only here and there an answering echo from some great soul on the Palisades of Being, who becomes an interpreter to men. President McKinley was the impersonation of truth. In him the divine rule of action was crystallized. He, of all men, DID unto others as he would they should do unto him.

It is the unreachable to feet entangled in the morasses. It is the incomprehensible in national life. It does violence to the law of OPPORTUNITY.

CRUCIFY IT! CRUCIFY IT!

It was the attempted crucifixion of thought at Smithfield's, at the Circus Maximus, on the Florentine Plaza, in the Tower, in the Bastile—on whatever wheel, in whatever fires, on whatsoever cross of agony—a great soul has been immolated.

It is the martyrdom of truth, whose fires never die. But from every whitening ember truth rises again, as from the brow of Olivet, and in each resurrection the spiritualized incarnation has clearer outline, till, finally, the dull, dead eyes which have had slow awakening begin to dimly perceive it.

And thus truth lives in the death of the mar-

tyrs. It can no more perish from the earth than can God withdraw himself. Truth is of God. Whoever thinks God's thoughts after Him, and expresses it to the world, he is immortal. The stiletto of the barbarian cannot pierce truth; inquisitorial fires cannot stifle it; the bullet of the assassin can only give it life—life more abundant, even though at the suspension of that undefined and undefinable thing we so strangely call life.

Hence, in the summing up, we discover it is thought only which has been assassinated. He who expressed it is immortal, and his thought is immortal also. Hence, it is not a hypothesis, but a demonstration. There is no death.

Moreover, thoughts on high planes are the world's inheritance. God has so adjusted them that they shall meet and blend the antitheses of souls. They are too sacred for the unsanctified. They are beyond reach. But they are continually calling to the souls of men: "Come up higher. Come where we dwell."

Thoughts take material form in the printed page. Books become the world's inheritance. But books have their years. The copyright expires. The mold in which they are cast corrodes, and the rust of the ages effaces their title pages. God has put a divine copyright on the creations

of truth, the creations of souls who comprehend truth, and legions of angels shall spread their white wings about that truth forever. The copyright is imperishable. The thought has spiritual form, and spirit is indestructible.

The painter puts upon the walls of some giant cathedral, in fresco, a world-theme. The sculptor from the cold marble brings forth the ideal conception of his own soul. But the fresco perishes. Michael Angelo's fresco of the "Last Judgment," which covers the entire wall (sixty-four feet wide and thirty-two feet in height) of the Capella Sistina of the Vatican, where alone the Pope officiates in high ceremony, has become so defaced by time it is difficult to trace its beauty with the natural eye. The Venus de Milo, the supreme creation of the Greek sculptor, stands in the Louvre at Paris, the central magnet of the art world, though having lost both its arms. And every reproduction of the modern sculptor is an armless reproduction.

Thus the material form of thought dies with its age and is buried in the same sepulchre. But the thought creation, as of Michael Angelo or the Greek sculptor, is an immortal creation. Thought, then, is the real immortality. The thoughts of truth man entertains in life, when he passes from the arena of action, will remain in the

world's atmosphere as his contribution to the ideals of human progress. They will creep in upon the souls of those who shall come after—receptive souls, souls that take wings, like the birds, and rise to the strata of the full orchestra of God's infinite harmonies; then, sweeping down to the souls of other men, sing to them these songs, until, at last, the one thought, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," shall cause a vibration in the whole atmosphere of thought, and the ethics of reciprocity shall be understood by all men. Then shall discord cease, and His will "Be done in earth as it is in heaven"—for ever and ever.

Though "Heaven and earth shall pass away."
Thought keeps its own—its starlight way.

In Judean skies, seen from afar,
Shone soft the light of Bethlehem's star.
A Babe within a manger lay—
'Twas Thought was born that golden day.

The wise men knelt to catch its tone,
The startled world knew not its own.
Thought bowed in lone Gethsemane,
And breathed its prayer for you and me.

Great Darkness stretched her sable hand
And Silence fell on all the land.
On Calvary's heights, 'twas Thought that died.
'Twas Thought the world had crucified.

Thought rose again on Olivet.
Sweet Bethlehem's Star has never set.
Thought has its own eternal day,
Though "Heaven and earth shall pass away,"

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